

with which those who have been in similar circumstances cannot be unacquainted, when my miserable companion, with a convulsive shudder grasped my arm suddenly. I was for a few seconds unaware of the cause of this emotion and movement, when a low indistinct sound caught my ear. It was the rumbling of a cart, mingled with two or three suppressed voices; and the cart appeared to be leaving the gate of the dismal building in which we were. It rolled slowly and heavily as though cumbrously laden under the paved gateway; and after a few minutes, all was silent. The agonized wretch understood its import better than I did. A gust of the wildest despair came suddenly over him. He clutched with his hands whatever met his grasp. His knees worked. His frame became agitated with one continued movement swaying backwards and forwards, almost to falling;—and his inarticulate complaints became terrific. I attempted to steady him by an exertion of strength—I spoke kindly to him, but he writhed in my grasp like an adder, and as an adder was deaf: grief and fear had horrible possession—Myself, almost in a state of desperation—for the sight was pitiful. I at last endeavoured to awe him into a momentary quiescence, and strongly bade him at last to *die like a man*; but the word “death” had to him only the effect it may be supposed to have upon a mere animal nature and understanding—how could it have any other? He tried to bear it, and could not, and uttering a stifled noise, between a yell and a moan, he grasped his own neck: his face assumed a dark red colour, and he fell into a state of stifled convulsion.

When despair had wrought with him, I lifted him with difficulty from the floor on which he had fallen. His relaxed features had the hue of death, and his parched lips, from a livid blue, became of an ashy whiteness. In appearance he was dying, and in the agitation of the moment I poured a considerable portion of the wine which had been left with us in a glass, and after wetting his temples held it to his lips. He made an effort to swallow, and again revived to consciousness; and holding the vessel firmly in his hands got down at intervals the entire draught. When he found it totally exhausted, the glass fell from his hands, but he seized and held one of mine with a grasp so firm and iron-like, that the contrast startled me. He seemed to be involved in a confused whirl of sensations. He stared round the cell with a wildness of purpose that was appalling; and after a time, I began to see with deep remorse, that the wine I had unguardedly given was, as is always the case, adding keenness to his agony and strength to his despair. He half rose once or twice and listened, all was silent—when, after the pause of a minute or two, a sudden fit of desperation seemed to seize upon him. He rushed to the window, and hurriedly surveyed the grates, wrenched at them with a strength demoniac and super-human, till the iron bars shook in their embeddings.

From this period my recollections are vague and indistinct. I remember strongly remonstrating with the poor creature, and being pushed away by hands which were

now bleeding profusely with the intense efforts of his awful delirium. I remember attempting to stop him, and hanging upon him, until the insane wretch clutched me by the throat, and a struggle ensued, during which I suppose I must at length have fainted or become insensible; for the contest was long, and, while consciousness remained, terrible and appalling. My fainting, I presume, saved my life, for the felon was in a state of maniacal desperation which nothing but a perfect unresistingness could have evaded.

After this, the first sensation I can recall is that of awakening out of that state of stupor into which exhaustion and agitation had thrown me. Shall I ever forget it? The anxiety of some of my friends had brought them early to the jail; and the unusual noises which had been heard by some of its miserable inmates occasioned, I believe the door of the cell in which we were, to be unlocked before the intended hour. Keenly do I recollect the struggling again into painful consciousness, the sudden sense of cheering daylight, the sound of friendly voices, the changed room, and the strange looks of all around me. The passage was terrible to me: but I had yet more to undergo. I was recovered just in time to witness the poor wretch, whose prop and consolation I had undertaken to be, carried, exhausted and in nerveless horror, to the ignominious tree—his head drooping on his breast, his eyes opening mechanically at intervals, and only kept from fainting and utter insensibility by the unused and fresh morning air, which breathed in his face as if in cruel mockery. I looked once, but looked no more. Let me hasten to conclude. I was ill for many weeks, and after recovering from a nervous fever, was ordered by my physicians into the country. This was the first blessing and relief I experienced, for the idea of society was now terrible to me. I was secluded for many months. Time, however, who ameliorates all things, at length softened and wore away the sharper parts of these impressions, but to this hour I dare not dwell upon the events of that awful night. If I dream of them, although the horrors fall far short of the appalling reality, yet for the next sun I am discomposed, and can only seek for rest from that Almighty Power, who, in his inscrutable providence, thought fit I should read a lesson so hideous, but—so salutary.—Reader, farewell.

[The excellent relater of the foregoing extraordinary narrative has now been dead for some years. In giving it to the public, I am only carrying into effect his own more than once expressed wish and intention. In attempting to do this, I have adhered as closely as possible to the strong and impressive language in which it was narrated to me. Should their be any breast to which this singular key is fitted, it will not have been given vain.—T. D.]

Shipping Intelligence.

CARBONEAR.

CLEARED.

Jan. 11.—Brig Ceres, Adey, Naples; 2500 qts. fish.

MARRIED.—On Thursday last, in this town, by the Rev. James G. Hennigar, Wesleyan Missionary, Mr John Garland, to Miss Mary Brinan.

On Friday last, by the same, Mr Joseph Palk, to Miss Ann Cook, of this town.

From page 21.

it; knows the prisoners at the bar; knew they were servants to Mr Bray at the time; they used to be employed about the house and on the farm; witness remained assisting at the fire until the house was burned down; the persons whom he first met were running from the fire; thought they turned their faces from him; they passed about 3 yards from him, and were about thirty yards from the fire; did not see Edmund Pynn; did not recollect seeing either of the prisoners that night; had since thought that the persons whom he met might have been the prisoners; thought that one of them wore a canvas trousers; recollects telling Malone three days after the fire, that he met two men and that one of them, he thought was Edward Pynn, crying fire; Malone said “it was not Pynn who cried fire;” witness asked who it was? and Malone hung down his head, and made no reply; witness asked no further questions, but Malone’s manner excited his suspicion, which he communicated to a person named Keefe, at Harbor Grace; the persons whom he met were on the road passing the house; has been at Bar’s Cove.

GEORGE WOLFREY sworn.—He lived all his life-time at Harbor Grace; knew Mr Bray very well, and where he lived, having gone to school to him; recollects the fire at Mr Bray’s house, in July last, it occurred after 12 o’clock at night; was in bed when he heard the alarm; lives about 100 yards from Mr Bray’s house; on the way towards the fire he met Kitchen, between Mr Soper’s and the Church-gate, very near Mr Bray’s; Kitchen told him Mr Bray’s house was on fire, and the family were all murdered; went up to the house but did not go in; the fire was then bursting through the windows; looked in through the kitchen windows in front, and saw Mr Bray lying on the floor with his head towards the fire-place, and his feet towards the kitchen door; he knew the situation of the kitchen very well; a person standing at the kitchen door and looking in could see the body; when he looked through the window, there was light enough to see the position of the body; had been told by Kitchen to look through the window; did not observe whether there was blood on the body; the alarm he was in at the time prevented him from going in; did not see Edward Pynn; met no one but Kitchen; saw neither of the prisoners during the night; saw some clothes at the bottom of the stairs; knew that the prisoners were servants to Mr Bray; saw the prisoners on the morning after the fire, searching with others, amongst the ruins for the money which was supposed to be there.

Mr JOHN FITZGERALD, sworn.—Has lived for the last 18 years at Harbor Grace, knew the late Mr Bray; recollects the late fire which occurred in his house on the 12th July last; passed the house at half-past ten o’clock on the same night; observed no particular appearance about Mr Bray’s house. (See Supplement.)